

She is modest, but not bashful,  
Free and easy, but not bold;  
Like an apple, ripe and cool,  
Not too young, and not too old;  
Half inviting, half repulsive,  
Now advancing, and now shy;  
There is danger in her smile,  
There is danger in her eye;  
She has studied human nature;  
She is schooled in all her art;  
She has taken her diploma  
As the mistress of all hearts;  
She can tell the very moment  
When to sigh and when to smile;  
Oh, a smile is sometimes charming,  
But a widow all the while.

Are you sad? How very sad!  
Will her husband ever become  
Are you angry? she is weeping,  
Lonely, restless, fearful death!  
Are you selfish? How her laughter,  
Silver-sounding, will ring out!  
She can love and catch and play you,  
As the angel does the trout.

Ye old bachelors of forty,  
Who have grown so bold and wise;  
Young Americans of twenty,  
Whom the love-love in your eyes;  
You may practice all the lessons  
Taught by Cupid since the fall,  
But I show a little wisdom,  
Who could win and find you all.

## Now call on His Wife.

A few years ago, says *Harper's Magazine*, while the Alabama and Chattanooga R. R. was in process of construction, it was a favorite field for colored preachers to labor and take up collections "for de spread ob de Gospel." Among these a frequent visitor was old Father Helms, from Tennessee, whose vivid eloquence and practical "pounding ob de Sacred Word" were attentively listened to by large congregations of the sable race, with no small delegation of interested white listeners upon the outskirts. Upon one occasion, assembled in a lovely Alabama grove, he addressed his congregation thus:—

"Ladies and gentlemen ob my beloved congregashun—Havin' catched a bad cold de odder evenin', I shan't attempt to preach to yer dis Sabboth mornin', but will read a chapter from de Bible, and pound it as I go along." He then read the 4th chapter of Genesis, after which he continued his remarks: "De odder evenin' I tuk for my tex' de tragedy in de garding ob Eden—de killin' ob Abel, and de cusin' and driving out ob Cain. And after de sermon, one ob yer smart young darkeys—one ob dese yer thin skinned, salaratus complexioned niggers—steps up to me, and says he: 'Fader Helms, yer remember to tell us who Mr. Cain married down in de Land ob Nod—was it his mudder?' Dere was a grinnin' crowd ob no count, trillin' greasy-lookin' niggers wid him, an' I spect at once dat de white folks had sent him up to ax dat question. I was to oblige wid a seme ob de sinfulness an' 'umpin ob sinners, bote white an' black, dat I could say nuffin. I had nuffin to say. I tuk de question under prayerful consideration, an' de answer were made plain. I'm gwine to pound dat part ob de scrip'ter to yer now. Who Cain's wife was, an' whar he got her, is plain to de allseein' eye ob faith. In de garding ob Eden, Cain raised right smart ob craps and garding truck an' sich. But after de slewin' ob his Christian brudder, Abel, we don't read ob his workin' no mo'. He tuk his gun an' dogs, an' went down into dat sleepy, lazy, no count section ob Nod, an' loaded 'round in dat country; and havin' lost all his plantation an' nules, and all ob his self respect and pride of family and State, de nex' we hear ob him he had got so low down and triffin' dat he married a gal ob one ob dese no-count poor white trash families, which de 'spired' poete did not consider fittin' to mention in de holy word."

The reverend "spounder" gazed around upon his admiring congregation with an air of triumph, and a brother struck up de hymn, "Whar ob whar am de Hebrew children?"

"How much is de ante?" whispered a Red Gulch miner with a single \$20 gold piece to the deacon with the collection plate in the Baptist church at Black Run, Col. He was told to contribute whatever he chose, whereupon he said he'd chip in a dollar, and proceeded to take \$19 change. The deacon softly replied that no change was given. A struggle ensued, the plate was upset, and the congregation were in the act of "jumping the deacon's claim" when the minister, an old Californian, leaned over the pulpit with a large navy revolver and observed: "The brethren will please take notice dat I've got the drop on them, and any brother who declines to go to his seat or who touches any of dat money will have a funeral at his house to-morrow at 2 o'clock, P. M." Our mining friend from Red Gulch will kindly remind the deacon's throat or he is a dead man. The \$20 gold piece went to save the head.

"Ah, how well do I remember—it was in the bleak November—when I caught that cold that was wearing me sorely and swiftly away; but I heard of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, took it, and am as well as ever."

## THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 7.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1881.

WHOLE NUMBER 475.

CLASS	PER LINE	PER COLUMN	PER PAGE	PER MONTH	PER YEAR
First	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00	\$1.00
Second	.75	.75	.75	.75	.75
Third	.50	.50	.50	.50	.50
Fourth	.25	.25	.25	.25	.25
Fifth	.10	.10	.10	.10	.10
Sixth	.05	.05	.05	.05	.05
Seventh	.02	.02	.02	.02	.02
Eighth	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01
Ninth	.005	.005	.005	.005	.005
Tenth	.002	.002	.002	.002	.002

## Christian Convention.

The churches of Christ in the counties of Garrard, Lincoln, Boyle and Mercer convened, in the person of delegates from the various churches, with the church in Stanford, April 6, at 10 o'clock. After the opening of the Convention with appropriate religious services, Eld. Ben C. Allen, of Harrodsburg, was called to the chair, and B. F. Clay appointed Secretary.

The Chairman then declared the Convention open for business, and the programme was read by the Sec'y.

Elder J. R. White was then called upon to address the Convention upon the subject—"Remuneration of Elders." This speech was full of practical remarks, setting forth the teaching of the Scriptures on the subject; also, the abuses and confusion resulting from combining the work of Elders and Evangelists. Pointed remarks were made by Brothers Munnell, Jesse Walden, S. H. King and J. C. Walden.

Brothers J. L. Allen and Joseph Severance both being absent, Bro. Thos. Munnell, the State Evangelist, was called upon to address the audience upon "The Elder's Office and Work." He set forth briefly the discouragements of Elders, the great need of an efficient Eldership, and how they might become such. The Convention then adjourned until 2 o'clock for dinner.

The evening session began promptly at 2 o'clock by singing, and prayer by Bro. Montgomery. The first address of the evening was by Bro. S. H. King, subject, "For what Cause shall an Elder be Deposed, and how shall it be done?" The causes set forth were: incompetency and immaturity; the manner of trial was before the church, presided over by an Evangelist, who should pronounce the sentence of deposition. Remarks were made by Bros. Williams, Ballou, Munnell and J. C. Walden. These gentlemen dissented from some of the views, substituting Elders for the church.

Bro. Jesse Walden next addressed the Convention, on "The Deacon's Office and Work," showing that he should see that the poor are cared for, the gospel preached, and God's house kept in order. This was followed with remarks by Bros. Clay, White, J. C. Walden and Williams, who took occasion to notify all present that he was agent for raising funds to build a church in Washington, D. C. SECOND DAY, THURSDAY, APR. 7, 1881.

Meeting called to order promptly at 2 o'clock, and was opened by singing and prayer, by brother Munnell. Minutes were read and approved. Bro. J. C. Walden then addressed the Convention on "The Evangelist's Office and Work, and How He Should be Appointed." Bro. Thos. L. Munnell was also called upon to speak on same subject. Both of these speeches were healthy in tone, showing the vast amount of work to be done and how to do it. Bro. Williams then gave the Convention a most excellent address upon "How to Raise Money for the Support of the Gospel." He advocated the assessment plan as the fairest and best of all others he had seen tried. Adjournment for dinner.

Convention met promptly at 1:30, P. M., and after singing was led by Bro. Livingstone in prayer. B. F. Clay then addressed the Convention on "What Shall be Done With a Disciple Who is Able to Help in Supporting the Gospel and Will Not?" Briefly stated, such a man was to be expelled from the church. Remarks were then made by Bros. J. C. Walden, Munnell, Warren, Ballou and Murphy. Bro. B. Ricketts being absent, it was decided to proceed with other necessary business before adjournment. It was then moved that the Convention appoint a Committee to fix upon time and place of holding next meeting. John C. Walden and B. F. Clay were appointed on this Committee. The Convention then thanked the Church for the hospitality tendered those visiting Stanford. Bro. Williams then took up a contribution for the Washington Church, which was upwards of \$65. Remarks were then made of a hortatory nature by Bros. Jesse Walden, Munnell, Williams, Clay, J. C. Walden and Ballou.

The Convention was then adjourned with prayer by Brother Murphy. BEN. C. ALLEN, Ch'mn.

B. F. CLAY, Sec'y.

"A blizzard" is the North-western name for a gale of wind filled with snow and icy particles as fine as rice powder, with a temperature 10 to 20 degrees below zero. A genuine blizzard is so fierce that you can neither see nor distinguish objects ten feet away from you. In Dakota and Minnesota during the prevalence of a blizzard farmers only venture out of their houses with girdle ropes around their bodies to enable them to find their way back.

## Hucklebe Shots.

[Burlington Hawkeye.]

M. Babcock has written a tract entitled "Why don't God kill the devil?" He would, if the devil used such grammar as that.

The Tower of Babel—that was the place where the Greenback party got the good sense and intellectual clearness for its speeches.

The leader of a Chicago orchestra fell down stairs and smashed his fiddle. He wasn't much hurt himself, although he fell so violently.

Young Booky spoke very prettily at a party the other evening of Byron's "Mayor of Athens," and he didn't see what there was in it to laugh at, either.

Ingersoll says: "Treat woman like a splendid flower." Well, men generally do, Colonel. That is, they find it much easier to beg them than raise them.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen." We don't believe that, not a bit of it. If nobody sees it, what can it possibly have to blush for? Why should it blush when there's nobody looking?

There is a place for everything, fellow-citizens, but there isn't a place for every man. Remember that, before you start for Washington. If there is a place for every Ohio man it's just about as much as there is.

"Who was first into the breach?" asked Professor Stearnes, when the class in history was up. "The patch," said the new smart boy. But the Professor marked him one minus and said: "No; the hole was in before the patch."

A woman returning from market got into a South Hill street-car the other day with a basket full of dressed poultry. To her the driver, speaking sharply, said: "Fare!" "No," said the woman, "Fowl!" And every-body cackled.

Very innocent old man, old man Mildbois. A friend found him at his desk the other day absorbed in perplexing study. "I am writing my will," the old man said, "and I want to fix it somehow so that the lawyers can get some of the property."

Miss Louise Montague. A variety actress, has been selected by Forepaugh as the "Queen of Beauty," who is to sit for the admiration of his circus patrons this season, for the snug little sum of \$10,000. She is thus described: "In complexion she is a semi-brunette. Her lips are suggestive of a cherry, teeth regular and pearly, and visible at every smile through a large but not disproportionate mouth; large, expressive brown eyes, a symmetrical nose and an intelligent cast of countenance. This is her picture in repose. In conversation—and she is possessed of a fund of sparkling talk—every feature is animated, and her flashing eyes and health-tinted cheeks, coupled with a vivacious manner, lend an additional charm to her demeanor. She is of about average height and medium figure, and boasts a dainty little foot. Her hair is worn in frizzes, commenced at the top of the head and falling in graceful waves low on the forehead. The 'Queen of Beauty' is a native of the Ninth ward, New York city, where she was born about twenty-one years ago. She has been on the stage some four years. The selection was made from more than three thousand portraits, and after interviews between Mr. Forepaugh and several of the candidates. Miss Montague will appear daily as Lalla Rookh in the grand street pageant, which is to be one of the features of Forepaugh's show."

A CHANCE FOR POETS.—It is said no rhymes exist in the English language for the words silver, orange, month, kiln, bilge, and gulf, yet in the face of this well-known impression, the ingenious, clever and patient puzzle editor of the *Truth* advertises he will give \$25 to the one who best rhymes the greatest number of the stated words. He calls it a "go as you please" rhyming match in which no conditions are laid down, save that the best rhyme will win.

It is just as impossible for a woman that believes in all the old signs handed down from the fathers and mothers to pass by a pin on the sidewalk when the point is turned toward her as it is for a duck to drown in a pond of water. If she should pass it by she would attribute all her bad luck for the next six months to that particular incident, and would never expect to prosper in the world as she would otherwise have done. So strong is woman's faith.

A railroad engineer saying that the usual life of a locomotive was only thirty years, an old lady remarked that such a tough-looking thing ought to live longer than that. "Well," responded the engineer, "perhaps it would if it didn't smoke so much."

An ancient sage once said: "The goodness of gold is tried by fire, the goodness of women by gold, and the goodness of men by women."

The most afflicted part of the house is the window. It is always full of pain, and who has not seen more than one window blind?

"Twixt women and wine, man's lot is to smart; the wine makes his head ache, and women his heart."—(Old Rhyme.)

It is a wise man who knows which side his bread is oiled with grease.

## Ornamenting a Dog.

Once a man had a dog which didn't have a tail, the dog didn't, cos it was cut off wen it was little, but Franky, that's the baby, he is little too, yes indeed, like puppies. So the man's dog grode up without no tail for to waggle, but one night some nasty boys, they got a pece of old rope out of a ship yard, and some pitch, and fastened the rope onto the end of the dog's back with the pitch like it grode there. Then that dog was proud like he was a new dog on a old tail, an he went smelling around a mung the other dogs, a trying to waggle it till he most broke his back. But he eudent fitt it off the ground, and after a while it was drag across a cigar which a fellow had threw away, and it got a life, the tail did, and it had a smoke its own itself. Then the dog it lied down like it was going to sleep, and it said to the other dogs: "There wasn't never any pup wich eud be so cool and callum like me wile his tail was a house afire. I ot to be hired out to teach fortitude to Crisition marters. Just wake me up wen its ob hurt of, cos I have got a important engagement."

But when it was of, and the fire was got hold of the cake of pitch on to the end of his back, he dident have to be woke up, cos he woke the whole town up himself.—[Little Johnny.]

THE COST OF CONGRESS.—Few persons have any idea of the cost of legislation. It matters not whether Congress is in session or on a vacation, the expenses are nearly the same. The sum of \$1,630,000 is required to pay the salaries of the members of the House and their mileage. In addition to this, the last House voted itself \$125 for each member for newspapers and postage stamps, making an additional \$37,725. The Clerk disbursed on account of salaries to stationary employees \$221,449 last year, exclusive of \$25,000 which the Treasury Department paid direct to the stenographers. During a recess the persons who received compensation are only about 100 less than at other times. The cost for the Senate is about \$600,000 a year, nearly \$400,000 going for salaries and mileage, and the remainder being divided among the employees. Contrary to the general opinion, an extra session of Congress costs but very little money, because nearly all the employees are paid whether Congress sits or not.

Mary Anderson was born July 28, 1859, in Sacramento, Cal., but she left California at an early age, making this city her home. Her father, Charles Anderson, a gentleman of talent and culture, lost his life in the Confederate army. Edwin Booth's acting created in her a wish to go on the stage, and she devoted herself to diligent study. From morning till night the one idea filled her mind. She used various kinds of exercise for the purpose of strengthening her body. She walked several miles a day, and practiced with the dumb-bells, the broadsword, etc. Her first appearance in public was in Macaulay's Theatre, Louisville, November 27, 1875, when she appeared as Juliet.

[C. J.]

There are now under cultivation around Charleston, S. C., within convenient distance of railroad depots and wharves, about 250 acres of strawberries, which will, with a favorable season, furnish for shipment to New York alone about 1,000,000 quarts of berries. The crop is well advanced, and the season promises to be early, and consequently profitable.

They put a lot of ignoramus into a jury box now-a-days and then attempt to tickle a man's vanity by telling him that he is to be tried by a jury of his peers. No wonder so many criminals commit suicide, rather than have such a stigma cast upon their family name.—[Rochester Democrat.]

A clergyman named Hoyle was so indignant as to register his name at a hotel in Omaha. Within half an hour no fewer than fourteen persons sent their cards to his room to ascertain if a flush royal could beat four aces.

A correspondent at Casky writes the *Courier-Journal* for an explanation of Gen. Mahone's statement that Kentucky repudiated \$5,000,000 of her debt. The explanation is very simple: Lord Angus lied.—[C. J.]

A man gets into trouble by marrying two wives. If he marries only one, he may have trouble; and some men have come to sure tribulation by simply promising to marry one. Trouble anyhow.

An ancient sage once said: "The goodness of gold is tried by fire, the goodness of women by gold, and the goodness of men by women."

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Thirty small boys were arrested in Dallas, Texas, for giving a negro minstrel show without a license, the complainant being the owner of an old building which they had used without permission. They were tried before the Mayor, who said: "I find the prisoners guilty and fine them \$1 each. The alternative is one day in jail." The consternation among the offenders was very great. "But," his Honor added, "I was a boy once myself, and went on the end in just such a performance. I will pay the fines myself."

A man built a house worth \$10,000 at Andover, Mass., without spending a dollar. He bought all the material on six months' credit, and at the end of that time refused to pay. All the stuff was fast in the house, which he had sold to his wife. The labor was obtained on the same plan, and even the widow who boarded the workmen was swindled. The man lives placidly in his fine residence, but is not greatly loved by his neighbors.

"I am willing to risk my reputation as a public man," wrote Edward Hine to the Liverpool *Mercury*, "if the worst case of small-pox cannot be cured in three days, simply by the use of cream of tartar. One ounce of cream of tartar dissolved in a pint of water drank at intervals when cold is a certain, never failing remedy. It has cured thousands, never leaves a mark, never causes blindness, and avoids tedious lingering."

"Say, mister," said a man, as he entered the office, "is the editor in?" "Yes," replied that overworked individual, looking over his glasses. "Well, I thought you was the chap. I wanted to tell you about a boy of mine; you ought to have him; he's just the fellow you ought to have on your paper; he's the darndest fool I ever see."

Man has chained the lightning; harnessed steam, and cabled the ocean; but the woman who stands with arms akimbo and head up, and remarks that she 'ain't afraid of nary man that ever tread the earth,' still awaits the conquering hero.—[Dr. Woods.]

A young city fellow bought a farm last Winter. He had a fine orchard of about two hundred apple trees, and a short time ago he tapped every one of them for cider.—[Kennecook Journal.]

## Dan and His Little Afternoon Daily.

Last week Dan. E. O'Sullivan, State News Editor of the *Courier-Journal*, was traveling on the L. and N. road and met Prof. Richard A. Proctor, the celebrated English astronomer, to whom he was introduced by Dr. Woods, of the Glasgow *Times*, who mentioned the name of Mr. O'Sullivan's paper at the same time. After the usual salutations Professor Proctor asked, "What is the name of your paper?" "The *Courier-Journal*, sir," replied Dan. "Ah, and where is it published?" "It is the Professor's next inquiry. 'It is a little paper published in a village called Louisville, at the Falls of the Ohio,' said Daniel without a blush, and the astronomer's next question was: 'Is it a morning or afternoon paper?' 'Afternoon, sir,' published every day, Sundays included," was the parting answer of the gentle Daniel, who stood the fire like a veteran.—[Sunday Argus.]

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—There are 61,573 Baptist in Poylman vania and 114,145 in New York.

—Dr. Glenn, the largest wheat grower in California, pronounces the wheat profit so small that he must seek diversity of culture for his 45,000 acres.

—Jesse A. Ozer has compiled from the *Appointed Times*, *Christian Standard* and *Christianity*, St. Louis, the number of additions to the Christian Church reported in said papers for three months, ending April 1st. Immersions, 8,261; from other churches, 358; total, 8,619.—[Mt. Sterling Sentinel.]

—Hon. James W. Linden, Judge of the Breathitt County Court, is in Richmond this week, attending the Circuit Court. Upon being asked how things were in Breathitt, he replied that George O. Barnes and Judge Riddle had "knocked the warp out of the fellows," and that all is remarkably quiet.—[Richmond Register.]

The next General Conference of the M. E. Church South, which meets in Nashville in May, 1882, will, besides a successor to the late Bishop Doeggett, probably select three other Bishops. Those more prominently named for the positions are Rev. Dr. John C. Granberry, Professor of Vanderbilt University, and for some years pastor of Centenary Church, Richmond, Va.; Rev. Dr. Articus G. Hagood of Macon, Ga., editor of the *Western Methodist*, and President of Emory College; Rev. Dr. A. W. Wilson, of the Baltimore Conference, but who is now Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Church South.

Profit, \$1,500.

—To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness, costing \$200 per year, total, \$1,200—all of this expense was stopped by three bottles of Hay's Pills, taken by my wife. She has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it, for their benefit.—[N. E. Farmer.]

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MATTRESSES, CHAIRS,



In the editor of the *Courier-Journal* were an office-holder he would be one of the most dyed-in-the-wool nepotists ever seen. As it is, he gets mad if the slightest opposition, however unhinged, is made to any of his kin, be he Radical or not, taking the fattest of fies in the land, and dubs the poor unfortunate guilty of an opinion of their own, as sinecure, scribbles and scribbles. We have nothing particular to say either for or against the confirmation of Stanley Matthews as Associate Judge, but we do think that the *Courier-Journal* goes to inexcusable extremes in urging his appointment. The gifted Watterson is most too apt on all occasions to forget party in his blind desire to get his relations into office, and it looks especially so in the case of his Uncle Stanley.

The assassins of the Czar and their accomplices have been given the form of a trial, which, of course, and very properly, too, resulted in a verdict of guilty, and a sentence to death by hanging. One of the prisoners, Jelaboff, conducted his own defense and made a speech defending the course of the Nihilists. Sophie Picofsky, one of the prisoners, for whom an attempt was made to have her sentence commuted, asserted that she wished no favors over her companions, as she was ready and willing to share their fate. When the sentence of death was pronounced the prisoners showed the greatest indifference, seeming to regard it a privilege to die for the noble (to them) deed they had committed.

KANSAS is the best State in the Union for a dishonest man, and that probably is the reason that so many of that class go there. No matter how many debts a man contracts or of what nature, he can keep, if he has them, 100 acres of land with all its improvements, his implements and machinery, two horses, two cows and a year's crops, all of which are exempted from execution by the laws of that State. And this leads us to remark that most of the laws, not only in Kansas but everywhere, are formed more for the protection of the lawbreaker and the dishonest, than for those who abide by them and contribute their money to support them.

A FEW more such juries as the present term of the Circuit Court has produced, and Lincoln will return again to her former lawless condition. Five persons charged with murder have been tried, and not a single one has been convicted. Whenever there was the slightest opportunity for an acquittal the jury agreed promptly, but if there was any chance for making a man pay the penalty of his deeds, they shirked the responsibility and hung. Nobody but negroes can be convicted nowadays. A white man, unless he be an outcast, can murder and slay at will, without fear and without punishment.

NEWSPAPERIAL.—The Madisonville *Times* is fourteen, and about as good as "Old Rye" of that age. We are glad to know that it is prospering, for no man more deserves the smiles of a kind Providence than the jolly round-bellied Zeno Young. The *Evening Post*, Louisville, will hereafter issue a Sunday morning edition, the initial step, no doubt, towards becoming a regular Morning Daily. The *Post* is an enterprising, live paper, and we like it, even if it does once in a great while, say every twenty-four hours, get after our friend, Henry Watterson.

TREASURER WINDOM is going into the funding business on his own responsibility. He has called for the \$190,000,000 six per cent. bonds, payable July 1st, announcing that he will pay them on or before that date, at which time the interest on them will cease. It is optional with the holders to retain the bonds during the pleasure of the Government at 3 1/2 per cent interest after July 1st, if they so prefer. It is presumed in view of the fact that the four per cent. command a premium of 12 1/2 per cent., that the debt can be easily floated at 3 1/2.

THE last California Legislature passed a law making the smoking or eating of opium a punishable offense. The first convictions under the law occurred a few days ago when three young men were mulcted to the tune of \$100 each. In view of the rapid increase of the disgusting and dangerous practice, it would be well if such a law could be made general, and it might be equally as well to attach the same penalty to the drug dealer who sells the degrading stuff, except on the prescription of a physician.

GENERAL WICKHAM, Chairman of the Virginia Republican State Committee, and that noblest work of God, an honest man, has notified his party leaders that if they persist in their corrupt alliance with Mahone & Co., he will stump the State at the next election for the debt-paying Democratic candidates. This is the kind of talk to bring the Republicans to their senses.

THE dead lock in the Senate continues, caused by the Republican patriots contending for the election of officers of that body, instead of doing the business for which they were called together. Over three hundred appointments by the President lie unconfirmed, while the expectant appointees are growing wild with suspense. Conkling is showing the Administration what a small potato he will make him, unless he withdraws his nomination to make Robertson Collector of the Port of New York.

MAHONE has not posed for the admiration of his party this week, neither has he mentioned anything about that "hereafter" since Voorhees denounced him as a traitor and a renegade. The little man seems to be much fonder of quarreling than fighting.

## NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Clark county has voted to give the Kentucky Central extension \$100,000.

—The earnings of the I. & N. R. R. for the first three months of this year were \$262,150.

—Mahone and Hill had another tilt Wednesday in which, as usual, the former came out second best.

—During last year 408,000,000 cigarettes were smoked in the United States, and the nerve can win the fight, Green will have the laurel.

—Up to April 15, 45,543 emigrants had arrived at New York, an increase over the corresponding three months of last year of 12,968.

—Bourbon county y, by 238 majority, has voted a subscription to the proposed Frankfort, Georgetown and Paris railroad of \$10,000.

—Late dispatches from Seol estimate the number of persons killed by the recent earthquake at 7,400, and as many more wounded, while 30,000 others are left homeless.

—The Clark County Democrat says it is from the best authority that Col. Seape will be retained in his present office by the new administration.

—Gen. Mahone has filed a petition in the U. S. Court, at Richmond, Va., for \$25,000 a year for five years, for his services as President of the Ohio and Mississippi railroad.

—Mrs. Ballou, Barnum's fat woman, who weighed 570 pounds, died the other day in Saranac, Mich. It took a coffin 61 feet long, 4 feet wide and 3 feet deep to hold the remains.

—Twenty years ago to-day Fort Sumter was surrendered; sixteen years ago yesterday Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, and sixteen years ago to-day before yesterday Gen. Lee surrendered—[C. G. of yesterday.

—Col. Sellers (John T. Raymond) was married Wednesday, at the Continental Hotel, in Philadelphia, to Miss Cornelia Barnes, daughter of Rose Eyttinger. The couple went to Washington for the honeymoon.

—Tom Scott has resigned as Vice-President of the Texas Pacific, and Jay Gould was elected his successor. It is stated that Gould purchased Scott's entire interest in the road, amounting to about \$4,000,000 worth.

—The Baldwin Locomotive Works, in Philadelphia, has a contract, to be finished before the close of next year, for two hundred locomotives for the Mexican Narrow-Gauge Railroad. The value of the contract is \$1,500,000.

—The Louisville Commercial is led to remark that "Mr. Mahone's attitude would be less amenable to criticism if he had refused to accept from his new allies any honors or emoluments for himself or friends." Exactly.

—In the last three months there have been 1,996 failures with liabilities of \$24,167,730. Of this number Kentucky contributes 31 with liabilities of \$172,150. These figures show a very great increase over those of the corresponding period of last year.

—The Willard Hotel Lottery has been a second time postponed to await the action of the Court of Appeals on the cases against the agents who have sold tickets. When these shall have been decided, a positive date for the drawing will be announced.—[Sunday Argus.

—A Washington dispatch says the President has practically settled the District Attorneyship of Kentucky in favor of Gen. Lindsay, of Frankfort, who is his personal friend. The Republicans are raising a determined protest against his confirmation because he is not a lawyer, though he is a very successful politician.

—The Grand Lodge of Knights of Honor is in session this week at Louisville. The order now represents 120,000 members, an increase during the year of 30,000 new members. It was started in Louisville in 1873, since which time it has paid out about four millions of dollars in benefits.

—The Chief Engineer of the Louisville, New Albany and St. Louis R. R. will let on the 25th, the graduation, masonry and trestle work of the unfinished work between New Albany, Ind., and Harford (distance 40 miles); also for about ten miles of work in Illinois, between Albion and Little Wabash River.

—The following have been elected officers of the Grand Lodge of Knights of Honor for the ensuing year: P. G. D.—Lewis C. Garrigus, Russellville; G. D.—S. F. Maguire, Danville; G. V. D.—J. W. Egan, Covington; G. A.—W. H. West, Jr., Greenville; G. C.—Rev. A. H. Best, Columbus; G. R.—J. A. Deane, Louisville; G. T.—T. E. Dennis, Louisville; G. Guide—Wm. Hall, Mayfield; G. Guardian—J. W. McCarty, Louisville; G. S.—T. W. Sturgeon, Louisville; G. Trustees—S. M. Barnard, Louisville; H. E. Thompson, Paducah; John H. Motter, Louisville; Supreme Representative—J. C. Garrigus, two years, Russellville; Alternate—Geo. W. Chesel, Louisville; J. T. Milburn, S. M. Barnard, Louisville; State Representative—S. M. Barnard, Louisville; State Medical Examiner—Dr. H. C. Miller, Louisville.

—Two young men named Dixon and Hyatt were brought to Danville from Goreburg on Tuesday on a warrant charging them with entering a C. & N. car with the intention to steal. The birds were promptly jailed, but claim that they only wanted to steal a ride. Query—Would it have been a ride if they had? LATER.—Tried Wednesday and acquitted.

—Walker Fry, of Sedalia, Mo., accompanied by Mrs. John F. Phillips, arrived in Danville last week, and will make a brief visit. Mrs. Phillips is the daughter of John H. Motter, of Louisville. She is visiting her father's family in this vicinity. Miss Isara Cecil has returned to her home near Danville from Vassar College. Morris Yoder has been appointed U. S. surgeon. J. P. McGroarty left on Thursday for Mexico, to make the color blind, but not in the same way as the Tribune.

—The R. R. Commission. Col. C. H. Rochester hands us the following resolution adopted by the Railroad Commission of Kentucky at its meeting in Lexington this week.

Resolved, In view of the fact that complaints exist, from time to time, on the part of shippers and shippers against Railroads in the State, it is deemed desirable and important that such complaints be furnished with vouchers substantiating the same, and forwarded to the Railroad Commission of Kentucky, to the end that the matter may be brought to the notice of the respective Railroads against which they are urged, and that the Railroads, after investigation, be requested to report their action upon same with reasons therefor, to the Railroad Commission, and who shall consider the same, and the whole proceeding shall then be made of record in the Secretary's book.

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—A children's Easter service will be held at the Southern Methodist Church on Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The exercises will consist of Bible readings, recitations, songs, etc., etc. Rev. H. Allen Tupper will preach to the congregation of the Baptist Church, at Danville, next Sunday. Judge Lee and Rev. E. M. Green attended the meeting at Somerset last week of the Transylvania Presbytery. Rev. James J. Lane, formerly of Danville, now an active missionary worker in India, is on his way to the U. S. as a delegate to the General Assembly at Buffalo, N. Y., and will spend some time in Danville next month. He will, however, return to his work in India.

—The Peak Sisters—"Nine Poor Old Maids"—gave a concert at Bell Seminary Chapel, on Friday night last for the benefit of the 1st Church choir. This was one of the most interesting and successful entertainments ever gotten up in Danville. Before several choruses sung by the entire troupe there was a duet by Dorothy and Eliza—"I saw Sam kissing Kate," sung to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," a solo by Dorothy, "Yankee Doodle," another solo by Eliza, "Yankee Doodle," and a group of young men (all in fun of course) claiming that they were the original Peak family, and that the parties exhibiting on the previous night were impostors. The programme was identical with that of the previous evening, and the dressing and antics were supremely ludicrous. The house was literally packed with some of the best people of the town, and the performers, toward the latter end of the evening, were overwhelmed with applause. The following will show the cast of characters under the "Real Peak Sisters from Alaska": Jerushy Ann Pettigale (the mother of the family); Dick Dunlap; Ariminty, Charlie Bowman; Betty, P. G. Smith; Dorothy and Eliza (the two twins); Ed Rowland and John Allen; Harry Belinda; J. B. Dunlap; Lucindy; Will Thomas; Myranda; Nick Vaughn; Narcissy; Jim Todd (and he looked really beautiful); and last, but not least, "Our Little" Ophely, Paul Weir. Her grand play the accompaniments. The latter entertainment was free for the benefit of the public.

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A HAIR RESTORER.

What Happened to the Bald-Headed Man Who Tried It.

It was one of the by-laws of Heartache's Heavenly Hair Restorer that it be used liberally before retiring, rubbing it well into the scalp. Just before he went to bed that night, the man pulled the back door, put the cat in the wood shed, came in whistling the "Tainiz" waltz, danced up to the clock-shelf, and pouring out what he supposed to be his hair-fertilizer, he mopped it all over his scalp and stirred it well round the roots of the little hedge of hair at the back of his neck. The glue bottle, by an unearthly coincidence, was nearly the same size and shape as the hair-sap bottle. He went to bed.

"George," said his wife, turning her face to the wall, "that stuff you're putting on your hair smells like a pan of soap grease."

"Perhaps I had better go up stairs and sleep," snarled George. "You're mighty sensitive! You wouldn't expect that a man can put stuff on his head that will make his hair grow and have it smell like essence of Winter green, would you?"

They went to sleep as mad as Turks. This particular bald-headed man, like a good many other bald-headed men, had to get up and build the fire. When he arose next morning, the sun peeped in at the window and saw the pillow cling to the back of his head like a great white chignon. At first he did not realize his condition; he thought it must have caught on a pin or shirt button. It looked ridiculous, and he would throw it back on the bed before his wife saw it, so he caught it quickly by one end and "yanked."

"Oh! oh! Darnation to fish hooks! what has been going on here? Thunder and lightning!" and he began to claw at his scalp like a lunatic. His wife sprang up from her couch and began to sob hysterically.

"Oh, don't, George! What is it? What's the matter?"

George was dancing about the room, the pillow now dangling by a few hairs, his scalp covered with something that looked like sheet-wool, while the air was redolent of war-like explosives, as if a dictionary had exploded. With a woman's instinct the poor wife took in the situation at a glance, and exclaimed:

"It's the glue!"

The bald-headed man sat down in a chair and looked at her a moment in contemptuous silence, and then uttered the one expressive word "Glue!" Now began a series of processes and experiments unheard of in the annals of chemistry.

"Jane, you must soak it off with warm water. I've got to go to Utica to-day."

"I can't, George," she replied in a guilty tone, "it's water-proof."

"Yes, I might have known it; and it's fire-proof, I suppose, too, ain't it?" He scratched over the smooth plating with his finger nails. "It's hard as iron," he said.

"Yes, he said it was good glue," repeated she innocently. "Can't you kin it off with your razor, George?"

"Don't be a bigger fool than you are, Jane. Get me that coarse file in the woodshed."

It may be imagined what followed. And now, as the bald-headed man sits in his office, he never removes his hat, for his entire scalp is a howling waste of blistered desert, relieved here and there by cases of black court-plaster.

—[Syrause Sunday Times.]

George Arnold, a Texas farmer, believing he would go mad from the bite of a dog, bought a twelve-foot tree chain and strong lock, and went into the woods. After writing a letter to his wife, in which he told her what he felt would happen, and giving directions as to certain things he wished her to do after his death, he ran the chain round a tree, drew it through the large ring at the end, and then wound the other end under his ankle so tight that it would not slip over the foot, locked it securely, and threw the key far beyond his reach. Two days after his dead body was found chained to the tree, and there was evidence that he had died of hydrophobia.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PICTURES.—One of the great contrasts between the school books used by the fathers and mothers of the land, when young, and those now used by the children, is the use of pictures. As a curious instance of illustrating the meaning of words by pictorial illustrations, the pictures in the new edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary in connection with the following twelve words, *Beef, Bull, Cattle, Column, Eye, Horse, Melting, Phenomenon, Ravine, Ship, Steam Engine, Timbers*, illustrate and define the meaning of more than 340 words and terms, as may be seen by examining the Dictionary.

The organ rolled its notes from the growing dillies to the gentle flute; and the congregation accompanied by deep sepulchral coughs to cough scarcely audible, because they had not yet heard of the wonderful efficacy of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Stingy Men.

Bob Ingersoll says: "I despise a stingy man. I don't see how it is possible for a man to be worth fifty millions of dollars, or ten millions of dollars, in a city full of want, when he meets almost every day the wretched hand of beggary and the white lips of famine. How a man can withstand all that, and hold in the clutch of his hand twenty or thirty millions of dollars, is past my comprehension. I do not see how he can do it. I should not think he could do it any more than he could keep a pile of lumber when hundreds and thousands were drowning in the sea. Do you know I have known men who would trust their wives with their hearts and their honor, but not with their pocket-books—not with a dollar. When I see a man of that kind I always think he knows which is the most valuable. Think of making your wife a beggar! Think of her having to ask you every day for a dollar or two dollars, or to humbly beg for fifty cents! 'What did you do with that dollar I gave you?' Think of having a wife that is afraid of you! What kind of children do you expect to have with a beggar and a coward for their mother? Oh, I tell you, if you have got but a dollar in the world, and you have got to spend it, spend it like a king; spend it as though it were a dry leaf, and you the owner of unbounded forests. That's the way to spend it. I had rather be a beggar and spend my last dollar like a king, than to be a king and spend my money like a beggar. If it's got to go, let it go. Get the best you can for your family—try and look as well as you can yourself. When you used to go courting, how nice you looked! Ah, your eye was bright, your step was light, and you just put on the very best you could. Do you know that is insufferable egotism in you to suppose that a woman is going to love you always looking as bad as you can? Think of it! Any woman on earth will be true to you forever when you do your level best.

To Cure Sneezing.

A correspondent of the *British Medical Journal* says: During the recent rapid changes in temperature I caught a severe cold in my head, accompanied by almost incessant sneezing. My unfortunate nose gave me no rest. The slightest impact of cold air, or passing from the outside air into a warm room, equally brought on a fit of sneezing. In vain I snuffed camphor and pulsatilla; the light catarrh still triumphed over me. At length I resolved to see what the maintenance of a uniform temperature would do toward diminishing the irritability of my Schneiderian membrane, and accordingly I plugged my nostrils with cotton wool. The effect was instantaneous; I sneezed no more. Again and again I tested the efficacy of this simple remedy, always with the same result. However near I was to a sneeze, the introduction of the pluggets stopped it at once. Nor was there any inconvenience from their use, making them sufficiently firm not to tickle, and yet leaving them sufficiently loose to easily breathe through. This is really worth knowing for incessant sneezing is among the greatest of smaller ills, and it seems only a rational conclusion to hope that this simple plan may furnish the most efficient remedy against one of the most distressing symptoms of hay fever.

It is on record that in the year 1531 a poor old man, residing in Tarentum, near Naples, was the subject of a very marvelous change at the age of nearly ninety. His skin peeled off, it is said, and a new, soft and smooth skin supplied its place; his muscles again became plump and yielding; the wrinkles disappeared from his face, and the white hairs from his head; the fresh complexion of youth replaced the one, and dark, curly locks the other. Fifty years later he again became decrepit with a second age, and he died after he had passed his 150th year.

COAL MINES UNDER THE SEA.—A number of English coal mines are being worked under the ocean. In Northumberland the net available quantity of coal under the sea is estimated at 403,000,000 tons, and on the Durham coast under the sea, including a breadth of three and a half miles, was an area of seventy-one square miles, 734,500,000 tons. The latter mine is in a vein of an aggregate thickness of thirty feet, distributed in six seams. Engineers are considering how it can be worked successfully in the future.

TECHNICAL KNOWLEDGE.—A two-foot rule was given to a laborer in a Clyde boat-yard to measure an iron plate. The laborer, not being well up to the use of the rule, after spending considerable time returned. "Noo, Mick," asked the plate, "what size is the plate?" "Well," replied Mick, "with a grin of satisfaction, 'it is the length of your rule and two thumbs over, with this piece of brick and the breadth of my hand and my arm from here to there, bar a finger.'"—London Punch.

Erskine uniformly answered all begging letters as follows: "Sir:—I feel much honored by your application to me, and I beg to subscribe (here the reader had to turn over the page) myself your obedient servant."

The Mailing of a Letter.

The Newburyport (Mass.) *Herald* relates the following story of the mailing of a letter which many persons, in part at least, will take to themselves: Last Saturday night a Newburyport gentleman, coming to this city, was asked by a fellow-passenger if he be kind enough to drop a letter in a box when he arrived in town. Of course he willingly agreed to do so, took the letter and placed it in a pocket. On Tuesday morning he put his hand into that pocket and brought to light the missive. He had returned to Newburyport and forgotten his errand. Wishing in part to atone, he carried it to the depot and gave it to the baggage master with the request that the latter would hand it to some Boston-bound passenger, that it might be forwarded. The baggage-master took it, and handed it to the first man going to Boston whom he met, a perfect stranger. This gentleman read the superscription, and looked surprised. He tried to smile, but was dumfounded. At last, however, he said: "Why I gave this letter myself to a gentleman on the train last Saturday night to post. How on earth can you expect to have it?" The explanation was giving when he remarked that the letter had a history. It was written last week on Thursday by a lady, given to a gentleman with the request that he would post it in Boston. He courteously assented, put it in his pocket and carried it till Saturday morning. He then turned it over to the narrator of the story, who very properly carried it till evening, and, as he was not then going into Boston he turned it over to No. 1 of our tale with the results above described. That young lady anxiously watches the mails, in blissful ignorance of her letter's wanderings.

A little shoe black called at the residence of a clergyman, and solicited a piece of bread and water; the servant was directed to give the child some bread from the crumb basket and as the little fellow was walking slowly away, and sitting the gut between his fingers for a piece large enough to chew, the minister called him back, and inquired if he had ever learned to pray. On receiving a negative answer, the minister directed him to say "Our Father," but he could not understand the familiarity.

"Is it our Father—your Father—my Father?"

"Why, certainly."

The boy looked at him for awhile, and then commenced crying, at the same time holding up his crust of bread, and exclaiming between his sobs:

"You say that your Father is my Father, and yet you aren't ashamed to give your little brother such darnation stuff to eat, when you have got so many good things for yourself."

A "smart Aleck" at Berlin played a practical joke on a man in a shoe shop. A needle was fixed so that pulling a string it would jump up and touch the man on the shoulder of his trousers. He sat down, the other fellow pulled the string, and the victim jumped like a box car. They all laughed except the victim. An ante-mortem examination showed that a piece of the needle remained in the wound, the doctors can't find it, and the poor man is unable to work, and mortification may set in and kill him. The joker is alive yet, but he is not happy. About the nearest thing to a natural born idiot is one of these fellows that is always playing cunning tricks. —[Peach's Sun.]

An Iowa farmer put up 20 one-year old hogs and for the first 28 days fed them on dry shelled corn, of which they ate 83 bushels, and gained 837 pounds—over 10 pounds to the bushel of corn. He then fed the same hogs for 14 days on corn meal, during which they consumed 47 bushels and gained 553 pounds, or 11½ pounds to the bushel. The same hogs were then fed 14 days on corn meal and water mixed, consumed 55½ bushels of corn, and gained 731 pounds, or 13 pounds to the bushel of corn. He then fed them 14 days on corn meal that was cooked, and after consuming 46½ bushels of the cooked meal they gained 799 pounds, or 15 pounds to the bushel of meal.

A man in town had been telling his wife that he had hardly had time to sit down for four months past, he was so occupied with his business. He pulled off a pair of pants the other night, which he had worn only three months, and asked her to put in a new seat. He said, when she asked him how he managed to wear out his pants in such a place, when he had been standing on his feet for four months he felt like the whole world had turned against him.

"Which is the more delicate sense, feeling or sight?" asked a Professor. "Feeling," responded a student. "Give a proof of it, with an example." "Well, my chum can feel his mus-tache, but nobody else can see it," responded the student.

Grateful Women.

None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful and show such an interest in recommending Hip Bitters, as women. It is the only remedy peculiarly adapted to the many ills the sex is almost universally subject to. Chills and Fever, Indigestion or Deranged Liver, constant or Periodical Sick Headaches, Weakness in the Back or Kidneys, Pain in the Shoulders and different parts of the body, a feeling of Exhaustion and Despondency, are all readily removed by these Bitters.—[Court-ant.]

A Prudent Yankee Constable.

Mr. Elijah Hitchcock was a Connecticut Constable, whose character was under scrutiny. Deacon Solomon Rising was inquired of about him. Said the questioner:— "Well, Deacon, do you think Mr. Hitchcock is an honest man?" "Oh, no, sir—not by any means," was the prompt reply. "Well, do you think he is a mean man?" "With regard to that," said the Deacon, a little more deliberately, "I may say that I don't really think he is a mean man. I've sometimes thought he was what you might call a keefal—a prudent man." "What do you mean by that?" "Well, I mean this: that one time he had an execution for \$1 against the old Widow Witter, back here, and he went up to her house and levied on a flock of ducks. He chased them ducks, one at a time, around the house pooty much all day, and every time that he catch a duck he'd set down and ring his neck and charge mileage, and his mileage mounted to more than the debt. Nothin' mean 'bout it, as I know of, but after that I always thought Mr. Hitchcock was a very prudent man."

How to be Nobody.

It is easy to be nobody, and we will tell you how to do it. Go to the drinking saloon to spend your leisure time. You need not drink much now—just a little beer or some other drink. In the mean time play dominoes, or something else to kill time, so that you will be sure not to read any useful books. If you read any thing, let it be the cheap novels of the day; and thus go on, keeping your stomach full and your head empty, and yourself playing some time-killing games, and in a few years you will be nobody, unless you should turn out to be a drunkard or a professional gambler, either of which is worse than nobody. There are any number of young-men hanging around bar-parlors, just ready to graduate and be nobodies.

"Charles," said a New Orleans girl to her lover, as she noticed a fit of abstraction he had fallen into, "are you thinking of the happy future—the time when you will clasp me to your heart and call me your own blushing bride?" "No, my dear," he replied, "I was thinking of a bill of goods I sold to-day, and if I'm not mistaken, I lost two cents a pound on a box of cheese."

The night wind swept through the trees and the stars twinkled in the heavens as the stars slammed the door and left him standing on the gallery, gazing far out into the silent night.

A girl just returned to Hannibal from a Boston High School said, upon seeing a fire engine at work: "Who would ever dreamed such a diminutive apparatus would hold so much wath!"

Excelsior Art Rooms

EDWARD H. FOX, Propr., North-East Corner of Main and Third Streets, DANVILLE - KENTUCKY

Having recently related my rooms with all the modern improvements, I now have the Finest Gallery in Central Kentucky!

When you visit Danville, don't fail to call and see me.

EDWARD H. FOX, Photographer & Art Gallery Survey

FIVE HANDSOME RESIDENCES

For Sale Privately.

Having determined to commence manufacturing clothing, I will offer for sale Five Handsome Residences in Danville, Kentucky. They are located as follows:

First Three Residences from corner of Main and Second Streets, occupied respectively by Judge Dennis, F. J. Anthony and General Elliot; one now occupied by A. Bradley, and one occupied by J. M. Kinney.

Any one wishing to buy a nice home will find that now is the time. Address me, care J. A. L. Thompson & Co., Cincinnati, or J. N. Craig, Danville, Ky.

W. CRAIG.

E. A. TERHUNE. C. S. VANARSDALE.

TERHUNE & VANARSDALE

At the old stand of J. N. Davis, Near Depot, - - Stanford, Ky.

WE KEEP A General Assortment Store

And are continually replenishing our stock with

New Goods,

We invite the public generally to give us a trial, and we promise them good bargains and the best goods.

Groceries, Confectioneries, Fruits, Meats, Flour, Meal, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Clothing, Tobaccoes, Cigars, Canned Goods, Tubs, Buckets, Sundries, Notions, &c., &c.

All kinds of hatter will be taken in exchange for goods.

We also keep constantly on hand a large lot of Fur Goods and Trunk Luggage.

TERHUNE & VANARSDALE.

MARKETS.

Standard.

The result prices for produce, as are as follows: Bacon, shoulders, 7½c; Bacon, sides, 10c; Eggs, 12½c; Lard, 12½c; Pork, 12½c; Flour, 12½c; Meal, 12½c; Butter, 12½c; Cheese, 12½c; Coffee, 12½c; Sugar, 12½c; Tea, 12½c; Rice, 12½c; Beans, 12½c; Corn, 12½c; Oats, 12½c; Hay, 12½c; Straw, 12½c; Potatoes, 12½c; Apples, 12½c; Peaches, 12½c; Plums, 12½c; Cherries, 12½c; Grapes, 12½c; Figs, 12½c; Dates, 12½c; Raisins, 12½c; Prunes, 12½c; Walnuts, 12½c; Almonds, 12½c; Pistachios, 12½c; Macadamia, 12½c; Brazil, 12½c; Copra, 12½c; Tallow, 12½c; Lard, 12½c; Butter, 12½c; Cheese, 12½c; Coffee, 12½c; Sugar, 12½c; Tea, 12½c; Rice, 12½c; Beans, 12½c; Corn, 12½c; Oats, 12½c; Hay, 12½c; Straw, 12½c; Potatoes, 12½c; Apples, 12½c; Peaches, 12½c; Plums, 12½c; Cherries, 12½c; Grapes, 12½c; Figs, 12½c; Dates, 12½c; Raisins, 12½c; Prunes, 12½c; Walnuts, 12½c; Almonds, 12½c; Pistachios, 12½c; Macadamia, 12½c; Brazil, 12½c; Copra, 12½c; Tallow, 12½c; Lard, 12½c; Butter, 12½c; Cheese, 12½c; Coffee, 12½c; Sugar, 12½c; 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